

Abe

By

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INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Close on a set of intense marble eyes. Pulling back, it is revealed that it is the statue of the Abraham Lincoln. We reverse and look out at the mall and the reflection pool, then move through the pillars to the outside.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

There, on the steps, a political rally is being held by a candidate for President. We see people holding campaign posters.

Bobbing up and down on the cardboard placards, is the face of the man speaking, it is SENATOR CLAYBORN WRIGHT (50's) strong, fit for his age and popular.

The Posters read "The Wright Man for The Job" Clayborn smiles as he delivers another stirring speech. He wears a red power tie over a white shirt.

His sleeves are rolled up to give the appearance of an everyday guy. People cheer and call his name, he settles them down to make another point.

CLAYBORN

I stand in the shadow of this great man behind me not to equate myself with him, but as a reminder as to what I must live up to. As your President I promise to fulfill his legacy and lead this country under the banner of freedom which he saved for us all.

More cheers, he waves and thanks them, nodding in affirmation, he clasps his hands in victory. There are no Hispanics amongst the crowd of well wishers. He is the lily white candidate, and his constituents are blue collar and white.

CLAYBORN

We need tougher immigration laws. Our borders are being overrun with undesirables that threaten our way of life. Smuggling in drugs and guns that are killing our young people.

He steps away from the podium. His political aide and Press Secretary ROBERT GARRETT (30's) capable and organized, joins him, he is all smiles.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Your numbers are through the roof
Senator.

CLAYBORN

Except for the Hispanic sector.

ROBERT

We anticipated that, considering
your tough stance on border
control.

CLAYBORN

Yes placate one, upset the other.

ROBERT

You have to keep in your
demographics.

CLAYBORN

It still leaves a bad taste.

Clayborn moves through the crowd, shaking hands and signing
autographs. He is the beloved favorite son.

ROBERT

The Presidency is as good as yours.

CLAYBORN

Don't be so confident, if there is
one thing for certain in DC, it's
that nothing is for certain.

ROBERT

They love you Sir.

Clayborn breaks through the crowd to his vehicle. His
security guard opens the door for him. He pauses in
reflection before stepping in.

CLAYBORN

I'm not doing this for popularity.

ROBERT

Certainly sir.

CLAYBORN

I have dedicated my life to
service, first the military, then
congress.

ROBERT
I understand.

CLAYBORN
Do you, do you really, look at
those people, they are trusting
their lives to me. Think about that
for a moment.

Clayborn gets in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Elsewhere in Washington BECKETT NIXON (40's) a widower, an obvious mix Hispanic, American heritage. He drives his daughter AMELIA (10) to school. Beckett is a Psychiatrist with Veterans Affairs, overworked and under paid.

Amelia is a typical ten year old, but very smart in school, especially history. Amelia plays on her phone, Beckett wheels up to the front of the school and stops.

Amelia puts the phone in her backpack. She settles looking out at the kids walking into the school.

BECKETT
Got everything?

AMELIA
Yeah.

BECKETT
Home work?

AMELIA
Dad, yes.

BECKETT
Just checking.

Amelia facing forward.

AMELIA
Miss Sims is a good teacher, you'd
like her.

Beckett getting where she is going.

BECKETT
Honey.

AMELIA
She needs help with the field trip.

BECKETT
I don't know if I can.

AMELIA
Please, just talk to her.

BECKETT
I may have to work.

AMELIA
Mom wouldn't mind.

Amelia has hit a nerve, Beckett frowns.

BECKETT
Don't bring up your mother.

AMELIA
Dad she's been dead for a two
years.

BECKETT
Work takes a lot of my time.

AMELIA
You always have to work.

BECKETT
No I don't.

AMELIA
Yes you do, and your always late.

BECKETT
As soon as things settle down,
we'll spend more time together.

AMELIA
That's what you said last month.

BECKETT
I promise.

AMELIA
You don't ever keep your promises.

Amelia jumps out of the car. Beckett follows her.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Beckett trots around the car to Amelia. He looks heartbroken, Amelia backs up.

AMELIA
I didn't mean that.

BECKETT
It's okay.

Coming through the crowd of kids is Miss JENNIFER Sims (30's) average height, attractive. Amelia lights up seeing her.

AMELIA
Miss Sims!

JENNIFER
Hello Amelia!

Amelia turns to introduce her father.

AMELIA
Miss Sims this is my Dad.

Jennifer extends her hand.

JENNIFER
Jennifer Sims.

BECKETT
Beckett, nice to meet you.

JENNIFER
Amelia is one of my brightest.

Amelia blurts out quite suddenly.

AMELIA
Dad said he'd be happy to help with the field trip.

Beckett shoots her a look.

JENNIFER
That is great, we need more parents involved.

Jennifer addresses Amelia.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER
Better run on to class.

AMELIA
Sure.

Amelia turns back to Beckett, he gives her a hug. Beckett whispers in her ear.

BECKETT
I'm going to get you.

Amelia smiles and whispers back

AMELIA
You can thank me later.

BECKETT
Remember, Savannah is going to pick you up.

AMELIA
I remember, see ya.

Jennifer and Beckett watch her run on. Beckett tries to get out of it.

BECKETT
Look, I don't know if I can.

JENNIFER
That's okay.

BECKETT
You sure?

JENNIFER
Absolutely.

Beckett feeling guilty.

BECKETT
Why not, where are we going?

JENNIFER
I don't want to put you out.

BECKETT
The government owes me a morning.

JENNIFER
Great, The National Gallery.

BECKETT
Right up my ally.

JENNIFER
You don't mind?

BECKETT
Keep going on and I might change
it.

A laugh between them both. Beckett heads for his car.

JENNIFER
Tomorrow Nine o'clock.

BECKETT
I'll be there.

Beckett drifts on, there is a pleasant look on both their faces.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Abraham "ABE" a homeless man in his late fifties, huddles behind the giant statue of Lincoln to keep out of the wind. It is pouring down rain outside.

Abraham looks gaunt from not enough to eat and being on the street too long. His face is weathered and worn. We see dog tags peeking out from under his army fatigue field jacket, which does not provide enough protection from the elements.

He has a scraggly salt and pepper Shenandoah style beard, with the hair grown full and long over the jaw and chin, meeting with the sideburns but lacking a mustache. By his frame we can tell he is a tall and lanky individual.

Dressed in tattered worn clothes, he curls up in the corner trying to get some sleep. Suddenly lightening and thunder roars outside and startles him awake.

His wild eyes flip open wide. He quickly surveys his surroundings. Scared and alone, he struggles to get to his feet. Unfolding from the uncomfortable position on the hard concrete, he groans as his bones crack.

As he rises a prescription pill bottle falls out of his pocket, it bobbles empty across the concrete. He stands there shivering trying to shake off the cold, another thunderous explosion from the heavens booms through the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

He jerks around and stares straight up at the brooding statue of Lincoln. Lightning, flashes across the marble face, casting nightmarish shadows on the walls and floor. The statue seems to stare down at him.

ABE

Me?

Abe remains frozen staring up at the statue. Another crack of thunder and more lightening.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

A lightning bolt hits the Memorial's lightning rod. Electricity travels downwards along the pole, but someone has forgotten to ground it.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Rain has drifted into the opening, Abe's feet are standing on the damp concrete.

WHEN -

The surge of electricity from the lightning shoots along the concrete. It hits Abe, he is lifted off his feet and tossed backwards as the electricity passes through him.

Unconscious and smoking from the electrical burns, he lays there splayed out on the front steps, moaning with his arms outstretched like a Christ on the crucifix.

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY

Amelia's class tours the halls and galleries lined with paintings and other artwork. Jennifer and Beckett hang back corralling the students to keep them from wandering off.

They enter the hall of Presidents. Most of the kids are just glad to be out of class and gossip, but Amelia is enthralled. She is popular and leads a group pointing out facts on the different Presidents.

Jennifer and Beckett watch, admiring her enthusiasm. The youngster manages to keep the others interested.

JENNIFER

She's a natural teacher.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
A bit bossy too.

A laugh between them.

JENNIFER
Not a bad thing, for young girls.

BECKETT
I pity the man who falls in love
with her.

JENNIFER
Your lucky.

BECKETT
How so?

JENNIFER
She has direction in her life.

Beckett looks fondly at his daughter.

BECKETT
She's had to grow up fast.

JENNIFER
When did your wife pass?

Beckett a glance.

JENNIFER
I'm so sorry, that was rude.

BECKETT
No, that's okay, its been two
years.

JENNIFER
How are you doing?

BECKETT
Thought I was the shrink?

They keep walking, watching the kids.

JENNIFER
How is that by the way?

BECKETT
Long hours.

JENNIFER

I bet.

BECKETT

You manage to save a few though.

Jennifer changes the subject.

JENNIFER

I think she wants to set us up.

BECKETT

Probably.

Jennifer pauses, she turns and faces Beckett.

JENNIFER

I wouldn't mind that.

BECKETT

Me either.

JENNIFER

Coffee sometime?

Beckett cautious, but unopposed.

BECKETT

We'll see.

Ahead, Amelia stops in front of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. It is clear she admires him. Beckett and Jennifer walk up to the group.

The group huddles behind Amelia as she gives her description.

AMELIA

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth
President of the United States, he
saved the Union.

The kids look at her funny, Jennifer picks up on their confusion.

JENNIFER

The Union is what we call all the
states combined.

The kids turn back to Amelia, she settles and looks directly at Lincoln. Close on the paintings eyes they seem to lock on Amelia's.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Four score and seven years ago, our
forefathers brought forth a new
nation.

BECKETT

Uh oh.

JENNIFER

She knows it by heart.

Beckett proudly.

BECKETT

Yes she does.

Beckett's phone buzzes, he pulls it out but doesn't
recognize the number.

BECKETT

Excuse me.

He steps away and answers the phone.

BECKETT

Beckett Nixon.

He listens.

INT. WALTER REED HOSPITAL/NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY

Walter Reed is a Military/Civilian Hospital, caring mostly
for veterans. A young Doctor STYLES (30's) is on the other
end of the phone inside a hospital emergency room.

STYLES

This is Doctor Styles at Walter
Reed.

BECKETT

Yes Sir, what do you need?

The Doctor looks uncomfortable.

STYLES

It's about a patient we brought in
last night.

BECKETT

Military?

(CONTINUED)

STYLES

Yes.

BECKETT

Let me guess homeless?

STYLES

Maybe? Not sure.

BECKETT

Well, he is or he isn't.

Beckett glances at the kids then Jennifer.

BECKETT

Look Doctor -

STYLES

Styles.

BECKETT

I am not in my office right now.
Can it wait?

STYLES

This is rather unusual.

BECKETT

How so?

Styles reaches into his smock and pulls out a business card.
He holds it up looking at it.

STYLES

He had your card in his pocket.

BECKETT

I see a lot people.

STYLES

I'm busy too, doctor.

BECKETT

Okay, what's the guys name?

STYLES

That's where it gets tricky.

BECKETT

How do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

STYLES

He claims to be Abe Lincoln.

BECKETT

My daughter would love that.

STYLES

Excuse me.

BECKETT

Never mind, probably hates his parents.

STYLES

No, the Abe Lincoln.

Beckett a chuckle.

BECKETT

Heard it all now.

STYLES

He had tags on.

BECKETT

Did you run them?

STYLES

They were for an A.B. Lincoln.

BECKETT

That kind of matches.

STYLES

No they belonged to a 22 year old Lt. Athena Baker Lincoln, killed in Afghanistan fifteen years ago.

BECKETT

He's wearing somebody else tags, why?

STYLES

Unknown, but she was in the 101.

BECKETT

My old division.

STYLES

I took the liberty of looking you up.

Beckett perturbed at the Doctor's diligence.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Always that thorough?

STYLES
Always.

BECKETT
Alright, I'll come down.

STYLES
I figured you might.

Pleased with himself the Doctor hangs up. He turns around, Abe is lying on the bed restrained, and unconscious.

Beckett hangs up and returns to Jennifer.

BECKETT
I need to leave.

JENNIFER
Emergency?

BECKETT
Just a situation.

He glances at Amelia, she is finishing up the Gettysburg address.

AMELIA
That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain--that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

She looks firm at the painting, full of wonder and pride.

Beckett to Jennifer.

BECKETT
See that she gets her ride home.

JENNIFER
I will, and, this was nice.

BECKETT
Yes it was.

Beckett hurries off before Amelia sees him.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Beckett walks into the front reception area and heads to the information desk. A pleasant Secretary sits there manning the phones. She looks up and smiles at Beckett.

BECKETT

Hi, I am looking for Dr. Styles.

SECRETARY

Just a moment.

The Secretary picks up the phone.

SECRETARY

I have - ?

She pauses cupping her hand on the receiver, Beckett realizes he hasn't introduced himself.

BECKETT

Sorry, Dr. Nixon.

SECRETARY

A Dr. Nixon here to see you.

She acknowledges with a nod and hangs up.

SECRETARY

He'll be right up.

BECKETT

Thanks.

Beckett relaxes he turns around. In the waiting area are Older Veterans with their VFW hats on, helping the younger vets. Some in wheelchairs with no legs, men and women, soldiers with various handicaps, etc.

Some of the younger ones sit in corners just crying. It is a depressing and all too common scene with this new generation of soldiers. Minds gone and lives shattered. Beckett looks at it with hopelessness in his eyes. He shakes his head at the futility of it all.

Styles comes up behind him and sees Beckett's displeasure at the scene.

STYLES (V.O.)

More and more everyday.

Startled, Beckett whips around, he extends his hand to shake the Doctor's.

(CONTINUED)

STYLES

Like a wave that never stops.

BECKETT

You treat the outside. It's the wounds you can't see that frustrates me.

STYLES

That and the money to care for them.

They start down the hall towards a room.

STYLES

I have moved him to a private room.

BECKETT

So tell me about this guy.

STYLES

We brought him in for electrical burns.

BECKETT

Electrical?

STYLES

He was at the Lincoln Memorial, a lightning strike hit the building, it wasn't grounded and he was standing on wet pavement.

BECKETT

How is he?

STYLES

He should be dead.

BECKETT

Tough son of a bitch.

STYLES

In fact he was.

They continue down the hall.

STYLES

The Paramedics couldn't revive him.

BECKETT

Obviously they did.

(CONTINUED)

STYLES

No, he was dead alright, they brought him here to the morgue. It was a busy night so they left him in the hall for the attendants to take care of. Then I get a call that he was sitting up on the gurney and breathing normally.

BECKETT

Unusual, the Paramedics must have been mistaken.

STYLES

Possibly, but he was untreated for at least an hour and no telling how long he'd been outside.

BECKETT

Not possible.

STYLES

I can't explain it.

They reach the hospital room, Beckett pauses.

BECKETT

Keep the questions short.

STYLES

Agreed.

Styles pushes the door open.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The two men enter the room, see Abe sitting up in the bed. He looks at them with a kind smile and friendly nod.

BECKETT

Have you run his DNA at all.

STYLES

We are waiting on the results.

Styles doesn't look overly confident.

STYLES

I have a feeling we won't get a hit.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Come you don't think...

STYLES
Of course not, but look at him.

Abe sits there with a blank expression, he exhales. The men turn their attention to him.

ABE
You boys want to talk to me?

STYLES
This is Dr. Nixon from the VA.

ABE
More Doctors around here than republicans at a town hall. What's a VA boys?

They proceed over to his bedside.

BECKETT
I'm here to take care of you.

ABE
Certainly, but I don't need any help.

BECKETT
Could you tell us who you are?

ABE
Abraham Lincoln sixteenth President of the United States.

Beckett pauses thinking.

BECKETT
Mr. Lincoln.

ABE
Please call me Abe, only Seward calls me Mr. Lincoln.

STYLES
Who?

Beckett the history buff.

BECKETT
Secretary of State William Seward.

STYLES
The Secretary is Lance -

Beckett stops him.

BECKETT
Go with it, okay.

STYLES
Alright.

BECKETT
Mr. Seward sends his regrets.

ABE
Old buzzard never smiles anyway.

BECKETT
What's the last thing you remember?

Abe contemplates.

ABE
Molly and I were heading to Fords
theater.

STYLES
Molly?

Beckett hushed.

BECKETT
Lincoln's wife, don't you read your
history?

STYLES
Well I-

ABE
Great play, Our American Cousin,
makes me smile every time, you seen
it son?

BECKETT
No Sir, I haven't.

ABE
You should.

BECKETT
Sir, the Civil War is over.

ABE

Son I know that.

BECKETT

No, a long time now.

Styles shoots him a look to be careful.

BECKETT

The year is 2019, not 1865.

ABE

Son I am not stupid, and you don't have to talk to me like I am crazy.

BECKETT

Are aware of how much time has passed?

Abe settling, looking resolved.

ABE

I kind of figured it out when I looked out the window. A modern world, full of wonders.

STYLES

That doesn't bother you?

ABE

Surprised, maybe, it's a gift.

Beckett motions for Styles to move away from Abe.

BECKETT

Excuse us for a second.

ABE

Go ahead young man.

Beckett and Styles step across the room.

BECKETT

He's clearly set on who he is.

STYLES

Crazy, yeah, so what do we do?

BECKETT

See if we can get him a room over at St. Elizabeth's.

STYLES

And if we can't?

BECKETT

Let's not worry about that now,
until we get the DNA we don't know
if has in relatives that might
could take him in.

Beckett moves to the door, he gives Styles his card.

BECKETT

Here is my cell, call me if you
need anything.

STYLES

Right.

BECKETT

(to Abe)

These folks are going to take care
of you tonight. I'll check back in
the morning.

ABE

Since I don't know the lay of the
land, I guess its best to stay put.

BECKETT

Right.

ABE

I see you got it finished.

BECKETT

Excuse me?

ABE

The Washington Monument, had to put
it on hold because of the war, our
war that is.

BECKETT

Oh yes.

Beckett a realization to Styles

BECKETT

Funny, he is exactly how I expected
him to be.

STYLES
He's not Lincoln.

BECKETT
I know that.

They leave closing the door behind them. Abe looks out at the sprawling Metropolis of DC and the Washington Monument.

ABE
Sure is pretty.

Abe looks off as if hearing something.

ABE
You like it? Me too.

INT. BECKETT'S TOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

Beckett enters his home, the neighbors child SAVANNAH (16) his babysitter, greets him at the door.

SAVANNAH
Hi Mr. B.

BECKETT
Hey Savannah, thank for doing this on short notice.

SAVANNAH
No prob.

Beckett peels out twenty dollars from his wallet and hands it to her.

BECKETT
Where's Amelia?

SAVANNAH
Living room.

BECKETT
Homework?

SAVANNAH
Finished. Got to run.

BECKETT
Thanks, tell your parents hey.

(CONTINUED)

SAVANNAH

Sure thing.

The bubbly teenager is out the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beckett walks into the room, Amelia is on the couch. She is intent on a historical action adventure some video game.

Her hands work the joy stick like a master. Beckett smiles, he sits down on the couch beside her.

BECKETT

You're winning.

AMELIA

I always do.

BECKETT

Napoleon didn't win at Waterloo.

AMELIA

With me he does.

She keeps her eyes locked on the screen.

AMELIA

Just couldn't stay could you?

BECKETT

It was an emergency.

On the screen Amelia makes a wrong move and the game ends, Napoleon is defeated and she loses.

AMELIA

Ah crap!

BECKETT

I told you, can't change history.

Amelia sets the control box down, she snuggles close to her Dad. Beckett puts his arm around her.

AMELIA

I had a dream about Mom last night.

BECKETT

Good dream?

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

(sad)

Yes.

BECKETT

Want to tell me about it?

AMELIA

Not much to tell really.

BECKETT

Give it a shot.

AMELIA

Don't remember much, just what she said.

BECKETT

What was that?

AMELIA

Believe.

Amelia looks up at her father.

AMELIA

What does that mean Daddy?

BECKETT

I don't know Honey.

AMELIA

I miss her.

BECKETT

Me too baby, me too.

INT. BECKETT'S STUDY - NIGHT

The little hideaway off the living room is his respite. A haven to delve into his passion, history, in particular Lincoln and the American Civil War. History books line the shelves pertaining to all things about Lincoln and history.

Beckett pours over one of the books. On the page is a picture of Lincoln. He flips thorough the pages, more pictures of Lincoln and various Civil War stuff.

Beckett shakes his head at his obsession with this new case.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
(to himself)
What are you doing?

He chuckles at his behavior and closes the book. He rubs his eyes and takes a drink from a small glass of scotch. He eases back in his swivel chair cupping his drink relaxing, he rolls his neck.

The phone buzzes on the desk top. Beckett sets his drink down and answers it.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Styles is working late on the computer, the cell phone tucked under his ear.

STYLES
It's me.

INT. BECKETT'S STUDY/DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Beckett sits up at full attention.

BECKETT
What do you have?

STYLES
Not much.

BECKETT
Anything?

STYLES
I'm sorry we didn't get a hit.

BECKETT
Damn, square one.

Beckett thinks out loud.

BECKETT
What about this Athena Lincoln?

STYLES
Checked, both her parents are deceased and no other next of kin.

BECKETT
No aunts or uncles?

(CONTINUED)

STYLES

Nope, zip.

BECKETT

So a homeless man with someone
elses dogs and no relation, how?
What's the connection.

STYLES

Who knows. St. Elizabeth's is full
and unless he's an addict or poses
any threat to himself or society,
they won't take him.

BECKETT

Did you run a drug screen?

STYLES

He's clean and not suicidal.

BECKETT

How long can you keep him?

STYLES

Another day that's it, just to make
sure his vitals are stable. But
right now, he seems healthy as a
horse.

BECKETT

Except for the other.

STYLES

It's not life or death.

BECKETT

But he'll be back on the street.

STYLES

Can't save every dog in the pound.

Beckett exhales worried.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Abe rises from the bed. He stretches, then considers the
door, his clothes are draped over a nearby chair.

Nothing is going on and he is restless. He gets up and
dresses. Looking out the window he sees the White House
beyond the Washington Monument.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abe peeks his head out of the door. He scans the area, from his POV, a single nurse mans the station at the end of the hall.

He doesn't try and hide his leaving, but is quiet about it and softly exits the room. Abe saunters down the hall in the opposite direction.

Abe strolls to the end of the hallway, it dead ends at an elevator. Not sure what it is, he studies the metallic doors.

It dings and a down arrow appears above the doorway. The doors slide open, Abe steps back. A doctor walks off. Abe nods at Abe and is on his way.

Abe gets on out of curiosity. No sooner than he does the doors slide shut. He stands in the middle of the elevator not knowing what to do.

He turns around and sees the door panel. He quickly figures it out and punches one. With a lurch the lift proceeds down. Unnerved he waits till it halts.

The doors slide open revealing a large lobby area. He waits, someone gets on. The doors shut and he is going up again. It stops on the second floor. This time Abe gets off, done with the contraption.

He walks down the hall and stops at a waiting area. He looks in and sees an older looking man sitting alone. The man looks sad and in need of company.

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Sympathetically Abe steps in and joins the man.

ABE
Mind if I sit down.

MAN
Free country.

ABE
Yes it is.

The man sits there slumped in the chair. He appears to be troubled.

(CONTINUED)

ABE
Excuse me friend are you in need?

MAN
What's it to you?

ABE
Sorry no offense.

Abe's kindly eyes drop and he sits back in his chair. The man sizes him up, Abe's worn clothes and fatigue jacket.

MAN
You serve?

ABE
Yes, in a way.

MAN
Then you know what it's like.

ABE
You have me at a loss.

MAN
Been over there fighting for the
scum and the spics, only to come
back and get kicked in the teeth.

ABE
You mean the army? I sense
bitterness.

The man scowls staring straight ahead.

MAN
Damn straight, I got the cancer,
and the VA will only cover part of
the treatment. Where am I going to
get the rest, look at me.

ABE
Perhaps there is someone we could
talk to.

The man looks at him incredulously.

MAN
Don't you think I done that.

ABE
I was merely suggesting options.

Then walking by all by himself is Clayborn. It appears he has escaped from his advisers. He stops and talks to other vets. The Man sees him and perks up.

MAN

Now there's a man who knows.

Abe looks over and sees Clayborn shaking hands with different people. A pure politician, but one who has a soft spot.

ABE

Who is the gentleman?

MAN

Where you been? That's Senator Wright.

Clayborn turns and walks into the waiting area. The Man feebly tries to rise in obvious pain. Abe helps him up.

The man is star struck. Clayborn notices his Chemo pack.

MAN

Senator over here.

CLAYBORN

Don't get up.

But the man isn't having that. He does the best he can to snap a salute. Clayborn honorably returns it. Clayborn considers Abe, semi-recognizing his face.

CLAYBORN

Two honored vets.

To Abe.

CLAYBORN

Do I know you sir?

ABE

We have not had the pleasure.

Clayborn extends his hand.

CLAYBORN

Clayborn Wright.

ABE

Just call me Abe.

The other man is about to bust a gut and thrusts his hand to Clayborn.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Good to see you Senator.

CLAYBORN

Please sit.

Abe and the Man return to their seats Clayborn pulls up a chair. He sits down like a good old boy at a barbecue, relaxing and crossing his legs. He folds his hands together holding his knee.

CLAYBORN

Managed to get away for the night.

Clayborn playfully looks over his shoulder.

CLAYBORN

My keepers will find me soon. But I have a few minutes to spare.

(beat, concerned)

How are you guys doing?

MAN

It's like this Senator, I love this country but the immigrants is taking over. I can't get benefits cause some bill to feed and house the damn Mexicans crossing the border.

CLAYBORN

It is a problem.

Abe listening intently, but not wanting to interrupt.

MAN

I say we send em all back.

CLAYBORN

Their countries should share the burden.

MAN

That's right, by God.

The man is getting vehement.

MAN

I'm dying, but I don't want to die for some damn spic.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORN

I am doing all I can.

Clayborn leans forward unfolding and puts his hand on the Man's shoulder reassuringly. A tear trickles down the man's face, part gratitude, part pain.

Clayborn turns to Abe who sits there respectfully listening.

CLAYBORN

What do you think friend?

ABE

I am not familiar with the argument.

MAN

You kidding.

Abe thinks, pondering the situation.

ABE

The power of a country is measured by those wanting to get in relation to those wishing to leave.

CLAYBORN

(sarcastically)

Give us your poor, your tired, and hungry, yearning to be free.

ABE

Certainly.

A Secret Service Agent comes into visual range, scoping the area Clayborn spies him.

Clayborn slaps his hands on his knees and rises.

CLAYBORN

Failed policy that should have been fixed long ago.

Clayborn shakes hands with the grateful seated man, then turns to Abe and shakes his. Clayborn still ponders him curiously.

CLAYBORN

Are you sure we haven't met?

ABE

I think not.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Give em hell Senator, you got my vote.

ABE

You campaigning Sir?

CLAYBORN

Yes, for President.

ABE

I wish you luck.

The Secret Service agent approaches them. The agent speaks into his ear mic.

CLAYBORN

(a chuckle)

My keeper has arrived.

AGENT

Found him.

Clayborn graciously bows away with a slight wave. Abe watches him leave. Abe turns back to the Man.

ABE

I pray your situation gets resolved.

Abe rises and wanders out of the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Abe exits the building. It is cold, he puts his hands in his pockets. He walks along the sidewalk.

He looks around in wonder at the sprawling metropolis.

Continuing down the sidewalk he comes to the perimeter fence of the White House. The famous building is lit up like a picture postcard.

Abe mulls over the iron work of the fence. Not far away is the security officer for the gate, out taking a smoke break.

The Security Officer spots Abe. Perturbed, the officer flips his cigarette away and walks over.

SECURITY OFFICER

Hey man don't touch the fence.

(CONTINUED)

ABE
(friendly)
No intrusion meant.

SECURITY OFFICER
(softening)
That's okay.

ABE
Fine metal work.

SECURITY OFFICER
Yeah been around a hundred years.

ABE
Impressive.

The officer comes right up to him taking a long hard look.

SECURITY OFFICER
Don't I know you...
(pause)
Wait, you look just like him,
(beat)
Yeah that's it.

ABE
Excuse me.

SECURITY OFFICER
You know, the man.

The Officer points over his shoulder to the Lincoln Memorial.

SECURITY OFFICER
Need more like him now days.

ABE
The current administration does not
fair well?

SECURITY OFFICER
Their all out for money.

ABE
The old cry of the workers.

The security officer cocks his head.

ABE
It's a sentiment that echos down
the ages.

SECURITY OFFICER
Anyway, he was a good one.

ABE
But not without his faults.

Abe nods to the Security officer and is on his way. The Security Officer scratches his head at the odd mannered Abe.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Styles walks into the room looking at his computer pad.

STYLES
Well Mr. Lincoln...

He looks up and stops in his tracks seeing the empty bed.

STYLES
Shit.

Styles checks the restroom, but Abe is not there.

STYLES
Dammit.

Styles hurries out of the room to call security.

INT. CAR - DAY

Beckett drives Amelia to school. He casually looks out the window. Amelia plays on her phone. Ahead through the windshield Beckett sees a disturbance in the street. Cars are stopped honking their horns.

Some people are gathered on the sidewalk, they seem to be having an argument. Others are just bystanders. Amelia laughs at what she sees on her phone. Beckett still has attention on the crowd ahead.

BECKETT
What now?

A laugh from Amelia.

BECKETT
What?

AMELIA
Some guy thinks he's Abraham Lincoln, he is giving a speech in front of the metro line.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT

Ah shit.

Beckett quickly veers into a parking space, he turns to Amelia.

BECKETT

Stay right here.

Beckett stops the car and climbs out.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP SIDEWALK - DAY

The small crowd is thickening, police cars have arrived. Beckett pushes his way through the people. He spots Abe standing on small retainer wall.

He looks calm as he delivers his message. Some people are jeering him in harmless fun, others are intent on what he has to say.

A Reporter is covering the little event. He asks Abe a question.

REPORTER

Sir could you tell your name again?

ABE

Certainly Son, Abe Lincoln.

The Reporter smiles jokingly.

REPORTER

Did kids tease you?

ABE

Not much I was taller than most.

REPORTER

Why did your parents name you after the former President?

ABE

Former, I am.

The Reporter is loving this, goading Abe on.

REPORTER

You are President Abraham Lincoln?

(CONTINUED)

ABE

Well I was the last time I checked.

REPORTER

So who is in the oval office now?

ABE

I would hope a good man.

Abe is being evasive, not giving him much meat to chew on.

REPORTER

Abe Lincoln died one hundred and fifty years ago.

ABE

I can't explain it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jennifer is in line, she steps up to the counter. The young CASHIER seems to be caught up on what is going on outside. Jennifer clears her throat. The Cashier averts her attention.

CASHIER

Sorry.

JENNIFER

I'll have a Cafe Mocha.

Outside the crowd is growing the Store Owner/Manager is getting irritated.

STORE OWNER

Damn, another one.

Jennifer looks behind her, from her POV she sees Abe.

CASHIER

That'll be two fifty.

JENNIFER

What? Oh.

Jennifer digs in her purse hands the cashier the money. She gets her drink and change. Curious she wanders outside.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The Store owner is mad as hell wanting him to move along. The crowd is making it hard for his customers to get through. He pushes his way outside. Jennifer follows him out.

She is struck by Abe's friendly charm. Abe quickly wins her, and the onlookers over, a large portion of whom are minorities.

ABE

From what I see, America has a lot to be proud of. The many different faces of this nation are represented well in this small crowd.

BLACK MAN

You been asleep or what?

HISPANIC MAN

Don't get out much do you?

More laughs, Abe answers honestly.

ABE

You're right on both points.

BLACK MAN

What you trying to prove old man?

ABE

Just wanted to talk.

HISPANIC MAN

You on some kind of mission?

The Black and Hispanic man high five it. Abe chuckles, he squats down putting his elbows on his knees.

ABE

You stopped to listen.

Abe's kind eyes look into his, a heartwarming moment.

HISPANIC MAN

So what if I did.

ABE

There had to be a reason.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK MAN
Always like a good show.

HISPANIC MAN
No that ain't it.

Abe drawing him out.

ABE
Then what was it?

HISPANIC MAN
Okay asshole, when I came here the
first place I went in this city was
to see your statue.

BLACK MAN
Come on he ain't the real deal.

HISPANIC MAN
Shut up, I know that.

The Hispanic man bellows to the crowd of onlookers.

HISPANIC MAN
Hear me.

ABE
That's it son.

HISPANIC MAN
Quit calling me son.

ABE
Sorry, continue.

HISPANIC MAN
We do the work you don't want too.

The crowd seems to agree with him.

HISPANIC MAN
Look I came here on a promise.

ABE
There it is.

HISPANIC MAN
The moneys worth it.

Abe cocks his head.

HISPANIC MAN

Okay, shit, stop looking at me that way.

ABE

I didn't know I was.

HISPANIC MAN

Okay, alright, that someday there might be a chance.

ABE

To be American?

The Hispanic man looks away, the Black man gets it.

BLACK MAN

You are stupid, I wouldn't want to stay in a place that locked up my family.

This gets Abe's attention. Jennifer perks up, how is he going to answer this.

ABE

What are you saying?

BLACK MAN

Come on, don't you know?

ABE

No I do not.

HISPANIC MAN

New immigration law, detainee camps.

ABE

I don't understand.

BLACK MAN

Welcome to America.

HISPANIC MAN

Land of the free, right.

Abe remembering the man in the hospital.

ABE

I met someone who had a different view of the situation.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK MAN

Bet he was white.

ABE

As a matter of fact he was.

HISPANIC MAN

If your white, you get attention.

ABE

He wasn't rich, but he was dying.

HISPANIC MAN

Well, sorry about that.

ABE

Son every one us matters and we all
have to work together. Democracy is
messy always has been.

(a beat)

But it's worth it, I promise.

This sincerity garners the crowds attention.

Beckett pushes through the crowd he spots Jennifer. He moves
to her. She looks surprised to see him.

JENNIFER

Hello again.

Beckett looking at Lincoln then back at her.

BECKETT

Stop here often?

JENNIFER

Sometimes.

BECKETT

This was my emergency.

JENNIFER

Yesterday?

BECKETT

Left him in the hospital.

The store owner tries embarrass Abe into leaving.

STORE OWNER

Shut up you bum, no one wants to
hear your sob story. Uh, what was
your name again?

(CONTINUED)

(sarcastically)
What, Abraham Lincoln?

ABE
Yes that is my name.

A weary HOMELESS VETERAN steps in front of the store owner.

HOMELESS VETERAN
Why don't you shut up?

STORE OWNER
Another bum, what gives you the
right-

The Homeless Veteran gets into the store owners face.

HOMELESS VETERAN
Because I took up a weapon while
you stayed home and counted money.

ABE
Easy, we all serve in our own way.

The store owner is shamed, he backs down.

STORE OWNER
Sorry.

HOMELESS VETERAN
Go on man, what you got to say?

Abe stands up straight, fixated.

ABE
I am a firm believer in the people.
If given the truth, they can be
depended upon to meet any national
crisis. The great point is to bring
them the real facts, and beer.

He wins the crowd back with that comment.

ABE
The probability that we may fail in
the struggle ought not to deter us
from the support of a cause we
believe to be just.

HISPANIC MAN
You lost me.

ABE

In my time we faced hard issues.

He goes quiet - something catches Abe's attention, a campaign poster in a nearby store window. It is a Polished Political picture of Senator CLAYBORN WRIGHT.

Abe thinks a moment, he picks up where he left off.

ABE

Struggling with race and equality.

BLACK MAN

You got that right.

JENNIFER

(to Beckett)

He makes a good argument.

BECKETT

For someone whose nuts I guess so.

JENNIFER

There are worse people to emulate.

BECKETT

I guess so.

The Police break through the crowd.

POLICEMAN

Alright what is going on here?

STORE OWNER

He's costing me money.

HOMELESS VETERAN

No he's not.

HISPANIC MAN

Leave him alone.

The officer reaches up for Abe to step down.

POLICEMAN

Come on get down from there.

ABE

I am sorry officer.

Abe politely steps down the officer is surprised by Abe's easy, friendly attitude.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN

That's okay, but you have to come with me.

ABE

Where are we going?

POLICEMAN

To the station.

BLACK MAN

On what charge?

POLICEMAN

Unlawful assembly.

Beckett steps in to save the day, he hands the officer his card. Jennifer beside him.

BECKETT

That won't be necessary. He is under my care.

The officer looks at the card.

POLICEMAN

Veterans Affairs?

ABE

Mr. Nixon hello.

The officer rolls his eyes.

POLICEMAN

Lincoln, Nixon okay you two, outta here.

BECKETT

Thank you officer.

POLICEMAN

Lucky I have a soft spot for vets.

JENNIFER

I need to get to class.

BECKETT

Sure, could I call you later?

JENNIFER

Sounds nice.

Jennifer leaves, Beckett guides Abe away.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Beckett marches Abe over to his vehicle. He stops Abe on the sidewalk next to the passenger side.

BECKETT
(to himself)
Can't believe I'm doing this?

ABE
The rescue was not necessary.

BECKETT
Do you want to spend time in jail?

Beckett throws up his hands. He stomps around to the driver's side.

BECKETT
I'm fucking nuts too.

ABE
Watch your language, the child.

Amelia tenderly looks out the window and up at Abe.

ABE
Why do you care so much.

BECKETT
Because I read everything about you growing up. You were an inspiration of what an American can and should be. I fought for my country because of you. But now, seeing you like this, it just somehow makes you...

ABE
(finishing the thought)
Human.

BECKETT
Yes.

ABE
That's all I am.

BECKETT
Good luck to you.

Beckett gets into the car. They drive off leaving Abe standing on the sidewalk.

INT. CAR - DAY

Amelia sits there not saying a word. Beckett stares straight ahead.

AMELIA
What's wrong?

BECKETT
It's complicated Honey.

AMELIA
Who was that man?

BECKETT
Forget him, he's sick.

Amelia accepts her father's answer. She goes back to playing on her phone.

INT. SENATOR WRIGHT'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office is filled with volunteers working on Senator Wrights bid for President. We move through the outer office into a smaller one.

Clayborn sits behind his desk going over strategy with his Press Secretary Robert.

Robert's cell phone dings an alert. He looks down at the phone screen. The tiny type reads:

Man claims to be Abe Lincoln wants better America.

Robert picks up the phone and taps the video footage of Abe chatting with the public. Robert chuckles at the sight.

ROBERT
This guy thinks he's Abe Lincoln.

CLAYBORN
I have seen him before. The other night in the VA Hospital.

ROBERT
He's getting a lot of likes.

Robert wrinkles his nose and his eyebrow goes up.

ROBERT
Crap.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORN

What?

ROBERT

Hundred thousand in five minutes.

CLAYBORN

Translate.

ROBERT

Not just likes, but comments.

Clayborn sets down his pen, Robert has got his attention.

ROBERT

Like "maybe we ought to elect this
guy" or "makes more sense than
Wright"

CLAYBORN

Gimme.

Clayborn gestures for the phone. He reads for himself. On
the screen.

"Fresh idea."

"He's a vet."

"Wish he was Lincoln."

"Need a guy like that again."

Clayborn hands the phone back to Robert, unconcerned.

CLAYBORN

Today's story, that's all.

ROBERT

Hits still climbing.

CLAYBORN

What are my numbers?

ROBERT

Million but that's for two months.

CLAYBORN

Homeless, and he gets more exposure
than me, in ten minutes.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT
You are way ahead in the polls.

CLAYBORN
I know that.

ROBERT
So what's the matter?

CLAYBORN
Crazy or not, they liked what he had to say.

ROBERT
You have thirty years of service, a strong record.

CLAYBORN
You forget about the Hispanics.

ROBERT
Illegals do not count.

CLAYBORN
He has their hearts, I don't.

ROBERT
After today, we'll never see him again.

CLAYBORN
That's not the issue.

Clayborn stands and walks to the window. Outside is Washington DC in all its glory.

CLAYBORN
It's that quality of sincerity.

ROBERT
You are a patriot, people know that.

CLAYBORN
I serve because it is the right thing to do, not to get votes.

ROBERT
That's not the point. Show you stand with them, and you'll their problems, that is your quality of sincerity.

INT. CAR - DAY

Beckett's car pulls up to the front of the school and stops. Amelia puts the phone in her backpack. She settles looking out at the kids walking into the school.

Amelia turns to Beckett, she gives him a kiss on the cheek before getting out.

AMELIA

That man back there, are you going to help him?

BECKETT

I don't know if I can.

AMELIA

He seemed nice.

BECKETT

Yes he did.

Then out the car window Beckett spies Jennifer. Amelia sees the look on his face and smiles.

AMELIA

Well, you just gonna sit there?

BECKETT

I'm working on it.

Another smiles from Amelia. Beckett works up the nerve and climbs out.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Beckett approaches Jennifer there is genuine warmth between them. Amelia gets it, she plays pseudo matchmaker, teasing.

AMELIA

I'll just leave you two alone.

Amelia scurries into the building.

BECKETT

We keep running in to one another.

JENNIFER

Must be in the stars.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Astrology now?

JENNIFER
How's your patient?

BECKETT
Honestly I don't know.

Beckett tries awkwardly to change the subject.

BECKETT
Uh, what about dinner?

JENNIFER
Sure, it's Friday, why not?

BECKETT
Wait, I'll have to get a sitter.

JENNIFER
Why don't I take Amelia home. We'll
make it a threesome.

BECKETT
Sounds good.

INT. CAR - DAY

Beckett cruises back to where he left Abe, but he is gone.
Beckett parks the car and gets out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Beckett walks the sidewalk looking for any sign of Abe. The
store owner is outside his shop sweeping up. Beckett walks
over to him.

STORE OWNER
Back to cause more trouble?

BECKETT
Did you see which way that man
went?

STORE OWNER
No, and I don't care.

BECKETT
You sure work hard at being an
asshole.

(CONTINUED)

STORE OWNER

I pay my taxes.

(beat)

I'm not a bad person.

BECKETT

Okay so where do you think he went?

STORE OWNER

He liked talking to the veterans,
why not the train station.

BECKETT

Good idea.

Beckett gives the Store owner a nod.

INT. TRAIN TERMINAL - DAY

The train terminal is filled with local commuters and military personal arriving from overseas. Small homecomings are happening all over the place.

Beckett walks into the bustling beehive of activity. It is crowded and hard to see. Moving into the cavernous facility he passes a newly arrived train.

Soldiers and Sailors hop off and await loved ones. Through the sea of heads and bodies he spots Abe near the grand staircase. Abe works the crowd greeting people.

Most everyone considers Abe with benign indifference, shaking his hand and moving on. Beckett watches, there is real sincerity in Abe's manner.

People laugh as Abe cracks jokes, his magnetism attracts folks and a crowd begins to form around him.

INT TRAIN TERMINAL ABE'S POSITION - DAY

The soldiers gathered around Abe are young in comparison to him. But have that long hard look of war etched in their faces. Tired and exhausted ready to get home.

A fatherly Abe speaks to them in a tone that appears to entertain and reassure all at the same time. Some of his craziness comes out, but they don't seem to care or mind, he is just a welcoming presence.

(CONTINUED)

Abe looks around at the soldiers admiringly and with softness. They get he is actually concerned about them and desires they feel at ease. He nods to one of the soldiers, a bright eyed Marine.

ABE

Where you from son?

MARINE

New Orleans Sir.

ABE

In my time you'd been a rebel.

MARINE

Still am.

A laugh erupts from the group. Abe turns his attention to a Female Air Force Lieutenant.

ABE

Glad to see a change in the Military, and you young Lady?

FEMALE LIEUTENANT

New York.

ABE

Seward would love you.

They have no clue what he is talking about, but laugh anyway.

ABE

Y'all seen much fighting?

MARINE

Not as bad as last year.

ABE

You all volunteers?

MARINE

Everyone of us sir.

FEMALE LIEUTENANT

Never forget nine eleven.

ABE

I am proud of you.

Abe's genuineness seeps through. He then spies a colored Army trooper, proud, tall with several medals on his chest. A commanding presence standing behind the others.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK SOLDIER
You the idiot on You tube?

MARINE
(a hard look at the soldier)
A friendly, nice sometimes, huh?

FEMALE LIEUTENANT
Yeah, ease up.

ABE
I've been called worse.

BLACK SOLDIER
He ain't got a pot to piss in.

MARINE
Does it really matter?

BLACK SOLDIER
Another burn out.

FEMALE LIEUTENANT
But for the Grace of God.

MARINE
Amen.

BLACK SOLDIER
What do you want, really?

ABE
Just to wish you well.

The Black soldier softens.

BLACK SOLDIER
Well, thank you.

ABE
Honor to the Soldier, and Sailor
everywhere, who bravely bears his
country's cause.

The group is moved by his sincerity. Beckett witnesses first hand the power his words have over them. Other people are curious about the strange individual. It is the same reaction as the crowd on the sidewalk.

Then Beckett spies another soldier, he looks fidgety, moving closer to the group of people. Beckett notices the soldier's back pack seems out of place, there is something wrong with this picture.

(CONTINUED)

Beckett freezes this could be bad. The soldier faces the crowd surrounding Lincoln. He stops and calls out drawing attention to himself. The group parts hearing him, the Soldier stares wild eyed, crazed not sure of himself.

CRAZED SOLDIER

The wicked and oppressed will turn
a blind eye.

He's not jihad or radicalized but confused. He drops his back pack and removes his hat. Abe and the crazed soldier lock eyes.

CRAZED SOLDIER

The world is crumbling.

ABE

Son what is the matter?

The boy suddenly whips out his sidearm. The crowd instinctively hit the deck. Beckett ducks behind a pillar. The Black soldier closest to the individual, remains erect and alert.

Lincoln's soft eyes remain fixed on the crazed soldier, he begins to move towards the boy.

ABE

The pain will go away.

CRAZED SOLDIER

I can't sleep, it's all up here.

The boy uses the barrel of the gun to point to his skull.

CRAZED SOLDIER

I want it all to end.

ABE

War is hard.

CRAZED SOLDIER

What do you know?

Abe moves closer, the Black soldier's eyes flip between Abe and the Crazed Soldier. The Black soldier steadies himself, waiting for an opportunity.

Beckett peeks out from behind the pillar watching the drama unfold.

ABE

This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but most heavily upon the soldier.

CRAZED SOLDIER

Shut up.

ABE

The soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it up in his country's cause. The highest merit, then is due to the soldier.

CRAZED SOLDIER

You are confusing me.

Close on Abe's feet as he steps over people lying on the concrete with their hands covering their heads. It's like Christ walking on water, he does not avert his gaze from the soldier and seems to intuitively know where to place each Footstep.

Closer and closer, his voice calm and deliberate. The crazed soldier shakes uncontrollably. He flips the safety off on his weapon. The Black soldier knows what's coming.

CRAZED SOLDIER

Don't come any closer.

ABE

When you hurt I hurt.

CRAZED SOLDIER

It's better this way.

ABE

No son, it is not.

Abe is almost on him, the crazed soldier puts the gun to his temple. The Black Soldier gets ready to pounce.

CRAZED SOLDIER

I failed my buddies, it is me who should be dead, not them.

ABE

Son, real courage comes from those forced to live with their mistakes. If you survived for any reason, it is to honor their memory. Do this now, and they died for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

There is a glimmer of hope in the crazed soldiers eyes, he waivers. Abe puts out his hand.

ABE

Life is hard, but so very beautiful.

The crazed soldier hesitates.

ABE

Give me the gun, I am here for you.

The crazed soldier lowers his weapon and hands it to Abe. The Black soldier quickly jumps in and wrangles the soldier to the floor. The police rush in and handcuff the man.

The Black Soldier looks proudly at Abe.

BLACK SOLDIER

That took guts.

ABE

Sorrow comes to all; and, to the young, it comes with bitterest agony, because it takes them unawares.

Beckett steps out and rushes over to Abe.

Someone with a cellphone has been filming the whole incident. The policeman addresses Abe.

POLICEMAN

Bravest thing I ever saw.

FEMALE LIEUTENANT

You've seen combat haven't you?

Abe does not answer her. Beckett comes up to Abe. The police take the soldier away.

ABE

Here you are again friend.

BECKETT

Trouble seems to follow you.

ABE

It was not my intention.

The crowd disperses the black soldier stops in front of Abe.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK SOLDIER
You really do look like him.

ABE
I am sure he was a good soldier who
lost his way.

The Black soldier backs up, comes to attention, salutes
Lincoln then sharply turns and leaves.

BECKETT
Have you a place to stay?

ABE
I am sure to find the kindness of
others, if not a cozy spot under a
tree.

BECKETT
That's not happening, come on.

INT. BECKETT'S HOME - NIGHT

Beckett opens the door, he and Abe step in. Abe humbly looks
around. Jennifer comes in from the other room. She is
surprised at seeing Abe.

Beckett regretfully.

BECKETT
Sorry, change of plans. Jennifer,
this is Abe.

JENNIFER
(confused)
That's okay.

ABE
Hello madame.

JENNIFER
You are all over the news.

BECKETT
Excuse me?

JENNIFER
It's the main story.

Amelia walks in playing on her phone and not paying
attention, passes the group heading for the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Hey Dad.

BECKETT

Amelia honey, meet Abe.

She stops, turns and looks up at Abe.

AMELIA

The Lincoln hero.

BECKETT

Really?

JENNIFER

That is what they are calling him.

ABE

You have a magnificent home.

AMELIA

Dad what is going on?

BECKETT

I'll explain later, right now Abe must be starved. Let's eat, and check out the news.

BECKETT

(to Jennifer)

Sorry.

JENNIFER

(mouthing)

That's okay

AMELIA

Let's order Pizza!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Dining area has a view straight through to the living room where a large flat screen is mounted on the wall. Abe looks around in wonder at everything.

ABE

In my day we had no such comforts.

Amelia walks in carrying the Pizza delivery box. She sets it down in front of Abe and opens it up. Steam rises, the aroma fills the room.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

Looks good, what exactly is it?

Amelia gives him a look, she reaches in and tears off a slice with her hand and places it on her plate. Beckett does the same.

AMELIA

Pepperoni.

Jennifer takes a slice.

JENNIFER

It's not good for you but delicious.

ABE

Of that I'm sure.

Abe grabs him a slice, Beckett looks at Amelia "don't ask". Beckett takes the remote and points it at the TV. The screen pops on. On the screen images of war. Abe drops the slice of pizza on his plate.

ABE

Devils play.

BECKETT

It's TV, technology, that's all.

ABE

If you say so.

The images of war fade to the TV Announcer.

TV ANNOUNCER

To other news, a hero of sorts. A homeless man by the name of Abe, saved the day as he talked a suicidal gunman down, saving countless lives.

On the screen is Abe talking to the gunman and taking his gun.

TV ANNOUNCER

But this is not the first time Abe has gained public attention. Earlier today he was seen addressing a crowd outside a local restaurant, where he made the astonishing claim he was the reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln the sixteenth president.

(CONTINUED)

The TV Announcer folds his script and smiles at the camera, clasping his hands together.

TV ANNOUNCER

Now he may not be that beloved
President, but he sure embodies his
spirit, and this nation could use
more men like him. Despite being
homeless he went out of his way to
protect others and the despondent
soldier. Abe, wherever you are,
thank you, good night.

Amelia sits there with her mouth open holding a slice of pizza looking at Abe. She drops the pizza. Abe is busy chowing down on his meal.

ABE

This is wonderful.

AMELIA

Glad you like it. Dad could we
talk.

Amelia swallows hard, she glares at her father.

BECKETT

Sure honey.

Amelia gets up from the table and walks into the kitchen, Beckett follows her. Jennifer eyes them both but stays with Abe.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beckett steps in, Amelia glances back out the door at Abe then closes it. She turns to her father and in a hushed rage.

AMELIA

Are you crazy?

BECKETT

Honey he is harmless.

AMELIA

You don't know that.

BECKETT

He just needs help.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA
Yeah in a Psych ward.

BECKETT
Jennifer isn't bothered by him.

AMELIA
I saw the way you talked to him
this morning, what changed your
mind?

BECKETT
Just a feeling.

Jennifer pushes through the door carrying the dishes.

AMELIA
Are you okay with him?

JENNIFER
Abe? He seems harmless enough.

Amelia throws up her arms.

AMELIA
Hey I'm the kid here.

JENNIFER
She may be right.

AMELIA
Of course I am, I like the guy and
all, but...

BECKETT
There's a hotel down the street.
I'll put him up there for the
night.

AMELIA
Now your making sense.

BECKETT
Just because people act strangely,
doesn't mean they are a threat.

AMELIA
You always said be careful.

BECKETT
Sometimes you have to go with your
gut.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA
Faith of the heart.

BECKETT
Your mother said that.

AMELIA
Dad he's not Lincoln.

BECKETT
Of course not, but he thinks he is.

Amelia and Beckett share a loving father, daughter moment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LATER

A big debate is going on around the table. There is laughing and good conversation. Amelia seems to be in her element, and warming to Abe.

AMELIA
How can you say that?

ABE
The outcome of the Civil War was never in doubt, but the question of slavery was.

AMELIA
What about the Emancipation Proclamation?

ABE
A political tactic at the time, but it rallied the north to a cause.

JENNIFER
So you were never opposed to slavery?

ABE
Yes it made me sick, but the times-

Beckett clears his throat.

BECKETT
It's late and time we were going.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

Awe Dad.

JENNIFER

I'll stay till you get back.

ABE

Your father is right child.

AMELIA

You know your history.

ABE

And you are a fine debater.

The adults rise from the table.

BECKETT

This wasn't what I planned.

JENNIFER

It was original.

BECKETT

Thanks, I'll be back soon.

AMELIA

(to Abe)

Can I see you again?

ABE

That is up to your father.

BECKETT

Let's go.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

An average hotel, nothing fancy, but not a dive either. The CLERK eyes Abe, while Beckett signs the register.

CLERK

How long will you be with us?

BECKETT

Just a couple of days.

CLERK

Room Nine, eighty bucks.

(CONTINUED)

ABE
Eighty, that is robbery!

BECKETT
It's fine.

The Clerk takes the money and hands them the key.

CLERK
Have a good night.

Abe and Beckett disappear out the door. The Clerk picks up the phone and dials a number.

CLERK
Yes, this is the Wayside Inn. Have
I got a story for you.

EXT. HOTEL BREEZEWAY - NIGHT

Beckett and Abe stroll along the open walkway looking for his room number. They find room Nine, Beckett slides the key card through the door scanner, the lock unlatches. Abe's eyes the procedure with curiosity. Beckett opens the door and they enter.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A poorly decorated room with the typical ridiculous painting over the bed, and a desk with a TV to the side. Abe glances around. Beckett sets one of the key cards down on the desk.

BECKETT
Are you hungry, need anything?

ABE
No I am fine.

BECKETT
I'll be back in the morning.

ABE
Why are you doing this?

BECKETT
That's what I do.

ABE
Certainly there are others.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
More worthy? Perhaps.

ABE
You are a good man.

BECKETT
I think you are too.

ABE
But you don't believe my story.

BECKETT
About Abraham Lincoln? Hell no.

Abe gazes at him.

ABE
All I know is who I am now.

BECKETT
Then give me something real.

Abe doesn't answer.

BECKETT
It doesn't matter, get some rest.

ABE
Thank you.

Beckett pats him on the shoulder and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Abe sits on the bed flipping through channels watching TV. The violence disturbs him. There is a news segment on the border detainee camps.

On the screen children are sleeping on floors with foil blankets. Men crammed in cages with US Border Patrolmen guarding them. Abe's eyes go straight to the US flag on the shoulder patches.

A tear trickles down Abe's face.

ABE
I did not fight a war to come back
to this.

(CONTINUED)

Several commercials for Presidential candidates come on, he watches them intently. One of them with Clayborn comes on, Clayborn spouts the rhetoric of tougher immigration, he stands outside one of the Detention Center.

Clayborn on screen speaking.

CLAYBORN (V.O.)

The flood of immigrants is tearing this country apart. We need more of these facilities to handle them. But the best way would be to build a wall to keep them out in the first place.

Abe's face grows hard.

CLAYBORN (V.O.)

As your President I will make this my top priority.

The Crowd in front of him goes wild with approval. Abe shakes his head in disgust.

Then a knock at the door.

Abe gets up and answers it. Opening the door he is met with the glare of camera lights, causing him to squint. The reporter from before is there. But this time he is well equipped with professional equipment and all.

The reporter and camera crew barge their way into the room and quickly set up. With the camera going, the reporter stands in front of Abe with a microphone.

The director gives him hand signals counting down.

DIRECTOR

Live in three, two, one.

REPORTER

I am here with the hero from the train station, who also has an odd claim to his identity.

REPORTER

What exactly do you have to say?

The Reporter shoves the microphone into Abe's face.

ABE

Well young man...

REPORTER

You said America had lost it's way.

ABE

No, but we can be better.

REPORTER

Is that a criticism of the current candidates?

ABE

I am sure they are capable, however.

REPORTER

Yes is there something?

ABE

The treatment of people yearning to be free. I do know something about that.

REPORTER

Are you referring to immigration?

ABE

Only that the power of a nation is reflected in the amount of people wanting to get in as opposed to those wishing to flee.

REPORTER

Could or would you do anything different?

ABE

We must first ascertain the cause.

REPORTER

What might that be?

ABE

Help them build a better world for themselves, then we won't have a problem.

REPORTER

That is easier said than done.

ABE

This country has done the impossible before we can do it again.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

You are a dreamer.

ABE

Dreams turn into reality.

Abe nails the reporter, shaming him on live TV.

ABE

You are sensationalizing, that was even popular in my day. Instead of searching for answers, this public is hungry for entertainment, when we should be striving for greatness. America has and will be great again but only if we all get involved.

Abe's little speech captivates the small crowd.

ABE

Here I am, a homeless man, with only the shirt on my back. But do I complain? No, because I know, only here in this country, can a man come from nothing and be something. I have lived that life before.

REPORTER

Will you continue to be the conscience of America?

ABE

Perhaps.

The Reporter turns back to the camera.

REPORTER

There you have it, Abe, a man on a mission.

The lights go out the Reporter begins to rap everything up. He turns and looks up at Abe.

REPORTER

Sir, if you weren't so crazy, I'd vote for you.

ABE

Son in politics you have to be a little mad.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Abe lays on the bed, his tall frame is too big for the mattress and his feet hang off. He stares at the ceiling in the dark.

Abe rises and goes to the door, he slowly parts the curtains and looks outside. He doesn't see anyone, the coast is clear.

INT. CLAYBORN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Clayborn studies the footage of Abe and the soldiers on the computer. Robert is no where to be found.

His SECURITY GUARD, a solid six foot brick of a man, stands nearby. Clayborn pivots in his swivel chair and faces him.

CLAYBORN

What do you make of him?

GUARD

Above my pay grade sir.

CLAYBORN

Nonsense, honestly.

GUARD

Seems sincere.

CLAYBORN

Reincarnation?

The Guard chuckles.

GUARD

You're kidding right?

CLAYBORN

More things in heaven and earth.

GUARD

There is something about him.

CLAYBORN

I sensed it too.

GUARD

Even on the TV it gave me chills.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORN

Hero worship, perhaps we have lost something. As a nation that is, and look to the past for guidance and wisdom?

GUARD

Like I said sir, above my pay grade.

CLAYBORN

Don't pay me any attention to me.

GUARD

It's okay sir.

The phone rings, Clayborn answers it quickly.

CLAYBORN

Yeah.

Clayborn listens and jots something down on a piece of paper.

CLAYBORN

Thanks.

Clayborn hangs up the phone and rises. He hands the paper to the guard.

CLAYBORN

Know where that is?

GUARD

Not far.

Clayborn grabs his coat and turns.

CLAYBORN

Come on your with me.

GUARD

What about Mr. Garrett?

CLAYBORN

I'm running this campaign.

The Guard doesn't say another word. He and Clayborn walk out of the office together.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Abe hunkers down, there is slight chill in the air as he makes his way down the street. Abe keeps his head down. The streets are deserted except for the occasional jogger.

He breathes deep the fresh air invigorating. To his left is the Lincoln Memorial he wanders towards it.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The guard keeps an eye peeled for Abe. He spots him heading up the steps of the Lincoln Memorial.

GUARD

There he is sir.

Clayborn looks out the window and sees him.

CLAYBORN

Figures.

The Guard angles the SUV over to the steps.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Abe reaches the top and walks in, he looks up at the statue resembling him.

Clayborn comes up behind him quietly. Abe seems to know he is there before he says anything.

ABE

You reach for greatness but
sometimes it stings. The pain of
responsibility will eat at your
soul.

(beat)

Do you understand Senator?

CLAYBORN

What I understand, is a man
pretending to be someone he is not.

Abe averts his attention to Clayborn.

CLAYBORN

You're causing quite a stir.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

It was not my intention.

CLAYBORN

(sarcastic)

Abraham Lincoln, President of the
United States, of course it was.

ABE

I can take a joke with the best of
them, and was called a fool by many
a man, but I remained firm in my
convictions, today is no different.

CLAYBORN

Touche, forgive me.

ABE

Now that we understand one another.

CLAYBORN

Yes to the matter at hand.

Abe looks out the gleaming city sparkling in the night.

ABE

The great experiment goes on.

CLAYBORN

No one knows where that came from.

ABE

Does it really matter?

CLAYBORN

No it does not.

ABE

You want to lead this great land?

CLAYBORN

Very much so.

ABE

Why?

The simplicity of the question strikes Clayborn hard.

CLAYBORN

Duty, necessity.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

You are firm in your convictions.

CLAYBORN

What is that supposed to mean?

ABE

The camps for one thing.

CLAYBORN

Those are necessary.

ABE

Explain to me then, why I fought a war to end that, and you have brought it back.

CLAYBORN

Do not lecture me, I fought for this country too. You don't know the complexities of our society.

ABE

Then you didn't know what you were fighting for.

CLAYBORN

How dare you.

ABE

My argument is falling on deaf ears.

CLAYBORN

You're nothing, don't get in my way.

ABE

Self righteousness is a sin
Senator.

(beat)

Good luck, find your way.

Abe calmly walks down the steps, the wind whips up Clayborn shivers. Clayborn heads to his vehicle.

INT. BECKETT'S HOME FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Beckett walks into the house. He proceeds to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer sits on the couch. Amelia is curled up in the lounge chair asleep with a history book about Abe Lincoln in her lap. Beckett's footsteps cause Jennifer to look up, she puts a finger to her lip.

JENNIFER

She couldn't put it down.

BECKETT

Kind of hard after seeing your idol
in the flesh.

Jennifer rises and motions Beckett to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The two of them tip toe into the kitchen.

JENNIFER

He does make an impression.

BECKETT

But how do you separate reality
from delusion. Why Lincoln?

JENNIFER

Look where we are.

BECKETT

Making up for lost time?

JENNIFER

On some basic level yes.

A long awkward pause, they both stand close to one another.

Slowly Beckett leans in and gives Jennifer a small kiss.

JENNIFER

Yes, it's been nice.

They both laugh, at their clumsiness.

BECKETT

You'd think we're teenagers.

JENNIFER

Right, I better be going.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
What about later.

Jennifer gathers her bag.

JENNIFER
Call me.

INT. BECKETT'S STUDY - NIGHT

He walks to his desk and opens his computer. He types in the the VA website and logs on. He looks for any clues to Abe's true identity.

He tries several variances on the name, but comes up empty handed. Frustrated he closes the laptop.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beckett lies on the bed exhausted, his eyes twitch under his lids dreaming.

DREAM STATE

Beckett stands in the crowd below the capital steps. People are dressed in Civil War era outfits.

At first he is confused then it all seems natural. He hears someone speaking, he looks up. Directly above him, at the podium giving his inaugural address, is Abraham Lincoln.

For a second Lincoln is in his signature black suit, but then it turns to the jeans and fatigue Jacket Abe has been wearing.

His countenance is the same, delivering the speech in his easy manner. Beckett and other people watch in awe at his magnificence.

Then something bothers Beckett he feels an evil presence. The hairs on the back of his neck rise. He looks around everything slows.

Beckett scans the crowd then up to the viewing stand. There watching with the eyes of a predator is John Wilkes Booth. But then his faces changes to. Senator Wright appears, then that fades and Beckett's face appears as the assassin.

Beckett's evil twin stares down at him. Then mockingly says...

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
You did it.

BACK TO PRESENT

Beckett tosses in his sleep and sweats profusely. He wakes with a start. He throws his legs over the bed and sits there a minute. He glances at the clock.

5:45 AM

He rises and puts on his jogging clothes.

INT. BECKETT'S HOME FRONT HALL - NIGHT

He goes to the door takes his coat off the rack and puts it on. He opens the door, there is Abe preparing to knock.

BECKETT
(startled)
Shit you scared me.

ABE
Sorry Son.

BECKETT
Would you quit calling me that.

Abe looks pitiful, Beckett opens the door.

BECKETT
Come in.

Abe timidly steps inside, Beckett closes the door. They walk together into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beckett motions for Abe to sit down on the couch. Abe rigidly takes a seat, his face twisted with confusion. Beckett plops down in his chair next to him. Beckett runs his fingers through his hair and exhales.

BECKETT
You are exhausting.

ABE
I don't mean to be.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
A mystery and an enigma.

ABE
The News people came by.

Beckett throws his head back.

BECKETT
What did you tell them?

ABE
My wish for America.

BECKETT
There you go again, with that Abe
Lincoln shit.

ABE
You do not have to be profane.

BECKETT
Sorry.

Beckett props up on the chair looking at Abe.

BECKETT
Do you remember anything before
last night?

ABE
As I told you, I was on my way to
Fords Theater.

BECKETT
Stop it, stop, no you weren't.

ABE
Then where was I?

BECKETT
They found you lying on the steps
of the Lincoln Memorial.

ABE
I was strangely drawn there
earlier.

BECKETT
(interrupting)
You were dead Abe.

Abe is shocked by the information.

ABE

Impossible.

BECKETT

Not really, they were able to
revive you.

(a breath, sitting up)

Don't you see this is some out of
body delusional shit, you died, and
to make up for some pitiful life
you took on your heroes persona.
You happen to look like Lincoln, a
nobody striving for attention.
Maybe you studied and memorized his
speeches, shit I don't know...

(pause, beat)

The point is this is all in your
mind.

ABE

If that is so, what harm could I
do?

Beckett leans over in the chair, his elbows resting on his
knees.

BECKETT

What the hell, not a thing.

Their eyes remain on one another.

BECKETT

But we got to get you new threads.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S STORE - DAY

All things men related. Barber shop, shoes store and clothes
all under one roof.

We get by the interior it of the place that it has been here
for a while, an old and venerated establishment.

Abe sits in the barber's chair getting his hair done and
beard trimmed.

Beckett reads the paper while waiting. From his POV on the
page is a editorial about Senator Wright. Beckett furrows
his brow and curls his lip.

The headline is a quote from the Senator "I VOW TO CLOSE THE
BORDERS" this angers Beckett.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Son Of Bitch!

The other men look up from their papers.

BECKETT
Sorry.

ABE
The man is entitled to his opinion.

BECKETT
Don't defend him.

ABE
It is not a democracy if we don't.

BECKETT
Closing the borders is against what
America stands for.

ABE
Then we must show our position as
stronger.

Elsewhere in the store Jennifer and Amelia look at shoes and clothes.

INT. STORE CLOTHING AREA - DAY

Abe is cleaned up and being fitted for a suit. Jennifer, Amelia and Beckett watch as the tailor fits Abe with a suit.

JENNIFER
My Dad used to be part owner, my
credit should be good.

BECKETT
I hope so.

JENNIFER
This is probably the only place
besides the big and tall thrift
store we can find anything to fit
him.

BECKETT
It needs to be nice.

JENNIFER
Why are we doing this?

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
What he had on smelled.

JENNIFER
That's not it.

BECKETT
Okay, he deserves better.

JENNIFER
Like a President?

BECKETT
Sure why not?

LATER

Abe walks out of the dressing room in a smart looking suit with a pink ascot and power tie.

He is GQ personified.

AMELIA
Abe looking good.

BECKETT
Now that's more like it.

Jennifer catlike.

JENNIFER
Hot.

ABE
(not getting it)
It is rather uncomfortable

They laugh at his remark.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Robert strolls in, the Clerk comes to attention behind the desk.

CLERK
Can I help you?

ROBERT
I am with Senator Wright.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK
For President?

ROBERT
Yes, the man on the news last
night, where is he?

CLERK
Room nine, I'll show you.

EXT. HOTEL BREEZEWAY - DAY

The Clerk leads Robert to the room. He knocks, there is no answer, he tries again still nothing. The Clerk uses his pass key and opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The two men walk in and find the place empty.

ROBERT
Where the hell is he.

CLERK
He didn't check out.

ROBERT
Was he with anybody?

CLERK
Another man paid for his room.

ROBERT
Did he leave a name?

CLERK
That's private, could loose my job.

Robert cold, calculating making him see the light.

ROBERT
And that shit you pulled last night
didn't get you a c-note in your
pocket?

CLERK
Well that was different.

ROBERT
Look I don't care, give me the
name.

The Clerk sees he's caught and gives in, they return to the office.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Clayborn is finishing up work on some last piece of legislation.

When Robert comes marching through the door.

ROBERT
I found out whose been helping him.

CLAYBORN
(not looking up)
Helping who?

ROBERT
This Abe guy.

CLAYBORN
We going to go through this again.

ROBERT
You said you wanted to talk to him.

Clayborn setting down his pen and clasping his hand in deep thought.

CLAYBORN
I already have.

ROBERT
What?

CLAYBORN
Last night at the Lincoln Memorial.

ROBERT
Why didn't run that by me?

CLAYBORN
And turn this campaign into a
circus?!
(pause, beat)
No sir, I will maintain my dignity.

Robert coming around the desk.

ROBERT
He was on the news again last
night.

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORN

So what?

ROBERT

He is gaining the hearts and mind you said it yourself. I is only a matter of time he attacks your position. That kind of negativity could swing against you in the polls.

CLAYBORN

You said I was way ahead of my opponents.

ROBERT

Yes but you know how quickly that can change.

CLAYBORN

The public is fickle.

ROBERT

Yes they are.

CLAYBORN

Okay tell me what you got.

ROBERT

Beckett Nixon, he is a clinical psychiatrist at Veterans Affairs.

CLAYBORN

I'm not following you.

ROBERT

Come on, must I spell it out. Beckett is a far left radical very opposed to your platform.

CLAYBORN

Your saying he has manipulated or brain washed this poor soul?

ROBERT

Yes, who happens to look like Abraham Lincoln.

Clayborn chuckles.

CLAYBORN

You watch too many conspiracy shows.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Maybe just a target of opportunity.

(beat)

This guy wandered in and Beckett decided to jab at you, with him.

CLAYBORN

Come on really.

ROBERT

Well if he didn't plan it, he will soon.

CLAYBORN

So what do want me to do?

ROBERT

Bury Beckett Nixon.

CLAYBORN

That's crazy.

ROBERT

This Abe could still be a write in as an independent, and with a three party ticket, he could take away the nomination from you.

(firm, hard)

Do you want some hillbilly taking away something you have trained your whole life for, you a man more than qualified to lead this great nation only to be defeated by some dumb political prank.

Clayborn shoots Robert a look.

CLAYBORN

Hell no.

ROBERT

Then charge Beckett with criminal malpractice and end this.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Beckett, Abe, Jennifer and Amelia exit the store. Abe fiddles with his collar.

ABE

Molly always made me dress like this. I never could abide suits, too restrictive.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER
Well you look nice.

Beckett glances at a store front window with Clayborn's campaign poster in it.

BECKETT
We can't let that guy get elected.

JENNIFER
He's practically won already.

Beckett looks at Abe in the suit.

BECKETT
Has he? Maybe not.

JENNIFER
(worried)
What are you thinking?

BECKETT
I write in vote on the floor of the convention.

Jennifer grabs Beckett's arm and pulls him away.

JENNIFER
You cannot be serious?

BECKETT
I am, Abe could save this country.

JENNIFER
He's sick Beckett, not a toy.

Beckett hems and haws.

JENNIFER
I thought we were cleaning him up to find a job.

BECKETT
What if this was meant to be?

JENNIFER
You are crazy! Now you think he is Lincoln sent back in time, that is ridiculous.

BECKETT
What I am saying is we have an opportunity to change things for the better.

JENNIFER

At what cost?

Jennifer shoves the shopping bags into Beckett's arms.

JENNIFER

I am not having any part of this.

Jennifer marches off storming past Abe and Amelia. Beckett follows calling after her.

BECKETT

Come on, really.

AMELIA

Dad, where is she going?

ABE

Is there a problem?

BECKETT

Come on lets go.

EXT. REPUBLICAN CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The venue is all decked out in red, white a blue. It is a buzz of activity.

INT. CAR - DAY

Beckett eyes the building. Abe looks on in wonder.

ABE

In my day we had no such facilities.

BECKETT

What goes on inside is still the same.

They continue on past the building.

BECKETT

I need to go by my office.

INT. VETERAN'S AFFAIRS - DAY

Beckett escorts Abe and Amelia through the halls heading to his office. Being a Saturday the office is deserted.

They head around the corner, there is a small waiting area there in front of his office.

BECKETT
You two wait here.

INT. BECKETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Beckett walks to his desk. He reaches in the top drawer and pulls out some forms. His phone buzzes in his pocket.

He answers it.

BECKETT
Yes.

INT. HOSPITAL/BECKETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Styles is on the other end he speaks in a hushed voice.

STYLES
Hey it's Dr. Styles.

BECKETT
What can I do for you?

STYLES
This may not mean much, but the hospital supervisor drilled me about Abe's release.

BECKETT
What did you tell him?

STYLES
The truth he just wandered out of the building.

BECKETT
What else?

STYLES
That's it.

Beckett not really concerned.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Probably nothing.

STYLES
Yeah, just wanted you to know.

BECKETT
Appreciate it Doc.

The two men flip off their phones. Beckett steps back into the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

A few office workers have drifted in for overtime duty. Beckett considers Abe and Amelia.

BECKETT
I am going over to the National archives.

Amelia looks happy and giddy.

AMELIA
Alright!

BECKETT
You're not going.

AMELIA
But Dad.

BECKETT
No, you stay here.

AMELIA
Please.

BECKETT
Don't argue.

BECKETT
I won't be gone long.

ABE
We'll have a grand time.

Disappointed Amelia gives in, Beckett leaves.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES - DAY

The National Archive research center is monstrous. Rows and rows of research tables. All of America's records in one place.

Beckett steps up to the front desk. A bookworm RESEARCH ASSISTANT looks up from his computer. She looks irritated at being disturbed.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT
Can I help you?

BECKETT
Looking for info on a Soldier
killed in action.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT
Military records are restricted.

Beckett pulls out his card and hands it to her.

BECKETT
Veteran's Affairs.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT
I'll have to check.

The Research Assistant disappears to the back office. Beckett waits, she returns moments later and gives him his card back. She sits down at her computer.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT
You can use research room one, your
password is Beckett1.

BECKETT
Thank you, where?

RESEARCH ASSISTANT
Upstairs, second room off the
elevator.

Beckett turns and heads to the elevator.

INT. UPSTAIRS - DAY

The elevator opens, Beckett hurries to the research room and steps inside.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

He sits down at the desk. The records page is already up on the screen he types in his password.

A. B. Lincoln's info pops up, just a beautiful young girl and no info connecting her to Abe.

On the Screen.

Date of Birth

Service Record and listing of postings.

Date of Death.

Body never recovered.

Beckett looks disappointed wanting more.

Disgusted he rises and exits the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

Beckett heads to the elevator. He notices the elevator light indicates someone is on their way up. A sixth sense kicks in, he's not hanging around to see who it is and walks to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

He enters the stairwell and heads down the steps to the first floor. He eases open the door and looks out. From his POV he spies two individuals stepping off the elevator and walking towards the research room he was just in. He exits the stairwell.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES - DAY

He hurries to the revolving exit door and pushes his way through to the outside.

EXT. NATIONAL ARCHIVES - DAY

Beckett walks to his car parked on the street. He gets to his car and climbs in. He looks out the side window, emerging from the building are the two men he just saw.

From his POV they glance around spotting his vehicle, they hustle down the steps. Beckett cranks the car, pulls out into traffic driving down the street.

INT. BECKETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Abe sits across from Amelia they wait comfortably. Abe contentedly watches Amelia playing on her phone.

ABE

Not good to have your head buried
in that all the time.

AMELIA

It's what we do.

ABE

Fresh air and imagination that's
what fueled me.

Amelia puts the phone in her lap, turning her attention to Abe.

AMELIA

What was it like?

ABE

So you believe me now?

AMELIA

I want to.

ABE

Wanting a thing does not make it
so.

AMELIA

Tell me anyway.

Abe settles, he leans forward with his elbows on his knees, clasping his hands in front of him.

ABE

May be too hard for young ears.

AMELIA

Now you're talking like Dad. I know
what is going on the border.

ABE

All that suffering for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

AMELIA

They say we can't handle anymore
immigrants, they're dangerous.

ABE

Everyone is afraid of the unknown.

AMELIA

But what can I do?

ABE

They only want our help, you must
embrace change and speak out.

A chuckle from Abe, his face goes drawn and sad.

ABE

Seeing a nation torn apart, is like
a family at odds.

(to himself)

It seems nothing has changed.

Abe reflecting, introverted not paying attention,
questioning himself.

ABE

Did I make a difference?

AMELIA

It's like Dad and me.

ABE

I don't know about that.

AMELIA

Yes, we argue all the time.

ABE

But you know he loves you.

AMELIA

Of course, and I love him that is
the point.

ABE

From a child comes wisdom.

AMELIA

Yes, we all have to listen, not
just speak out.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

Through understanding we heal.

Amelia looks up at him admiringly. She glance over his shoulder and spies a policeman talking to one of the office workers. The worker points towards Beckett's office.

Amelia senses danger she takes Abe's hand.

AMELIA

Come on.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Abe and Amelia slip out the door. The Policeman comes up to where they were sitting but Amelia and Abe have already disappeared down the stairwell.

INT. MAIN LOBBY VETERAN'S AFFAIRS - DAY

Abe and Amelia step out of the stairwell. People pass by them not paying any attention. They melt into the crowd and head out the door.

EXT. VETERAN'S AFFAIRS - DAY

Abe and Amelia move down the steps to the sidewalk. They intermingle with the other pedestrians.

ABE

Where are we going?

AMELIA

Calling Dad, he'll know what to do.

Amelia tries her cell phone but doesn't get a signal.

AMELIA

No signal.

They keep moving.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Jennifer decides to do her own bit of investigating.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE HOSPITAL - DAY

Jennifer walks into the office. The receptionist looks up from her desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

JENNIFER

Is there a Dr. Styles here.

RECEPTIONIST

You are?

JENNIFER

Jennifer Sims.

The Receptionist stands and walks over to Dr. Styles office she knocks and enters. Moments later, Styles and the receptionist return. Styles is all smiles.

STYLES

Hello.

JENNIFER

Sorry to barge in like this but I was wondering about a patient.

STYLES

Are you a relative?

JENNIFER

No.

STYLES

Then I can't give out that information.

JENNIFER

It's about Abe.

STYLES

What, did Beckett send you?

JENNIFER

No.

Jennifer steps forward with pleading eyes.

STYLES

Shit, why not, I don't have much, he just left after I did my initial exam.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER
You did blood work right?

STYLES
Of course.

JENNIFER
Did you run the DNA through missing persons.

STYLES
You must think me an idiot, that was the first thing I did. We got no hits.

Styles is irritable.

STYLES
Look I don't want anymore to do with this if you'll excuse me.

Styles pivots and leaves. Jennifer flustered heads back down the hall.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

She enters the doorway of the waiting room off the hall. In the corner is a vending machine. She opens her purse and fiddles for some change and heads to the machine.

She deposits the change making a selection, a canned drink drops to the opening. She bends down and takes it out.

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Amelia and Abe find an out of the way spot. Her phone rings she looks at the caller ID, it is Beckett.

AMELIA
Dad.

There is a hint of nervousness in her voice.

INT. BECKETT'S CAR - DAY

Beckett drives with a purpose, not fast but he is weaving in and out of traffic.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Honey, you need to leave the
office.

EXT/INT. STREET SIDEWALK/BECKETT'S CAR - DAY

Amelia looks up at Abe.

AMELIA
We did already, the police came by.

BECKETT
Where are you?

AMELIA
Why are the Police after Abe?

Beckett not really surprised, but worried.

BECKETT
I don't know.

AMELIA
Dad I'm scared.

BECKETT
Hand the phone to Abe honey.

AMELIA
He wants to talk to you.

Abe unsure how to operate the phone puts it to his ear.

ABE
Yes.

BECKETT
You need to tell me, everything

Abe hesitant and unsure.

ABE
I have, why can't you believe me?

BECKETT
That you're Abraham Lincoln come to
save us, get real.

ABE
I can't explain it.

BECKETT

(hard)

Try.

Abe trembles unsteadily. Amelia seeing his distress, gestures for the phone. Abe hands it back to her.

AMELIA

Dad he doesn't look good.

BECKETT

Okay Honey meet me...

Beckett looks out the window for someplace they can meet. He spies the Lincoln Memorial off to the left.

BECKETT

I'll meet you at the Memorial.

AMELIA

Yes Sir.

Beckett flips the phone off. Amelia tucks her phone in her pocket, taking Abe's hand.

AMELIA

Come on.

ABE

No dear, this is too risky.

AMELIA

Stop it, let's go.

Amelia tugs on him.

AMELIA

Better stick together.

ABE

The Union is everything.

AMELIA

(a smile)

That's right.

They return to the sidewalk and mix in with the other pedestrians. Getting to the crosswalk they wait for the signal and walk with the group across the street.

INT. CAR - DAY

Beckett accelerates his car coming to a traffic light it is green. He looks in his rear view mirror seeing an Army jeep coming up fast.

The light turns yellow Beckett speeds under just in time. The Army jeep is forced to stop. Pleased with himself he turns back to driving when a black SUV flanks him on one side and another SUV pulls in front

They slowly corral him to the curb. The two individuals Beckett saw at the archives get out and walk to his door. They knock on his window.

Beckett rolls down the window pretending innocence.

BECKETT
Is there a problem?

GUARD
Come with us sir.

BECKETT
What is this about?

GUARD
Get out of the car.

These men aren't going to be argued with, Beckett does as he's told.

INT. SUV - DAY

Beckett sits beside the Guard in the back seat he tries to make light of the situation.

BECKETT
Don't suppose you could tell me
where we're going?

The Guard remains rigid, and focused straight ahead.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

Jennifer takes the drink from the machine and turns to leave.

Clayborn walks in the waiting room unescorted. Jennifer looks up, unconcerned. Jennifer acknowledges him with a slight nod.

(CONTINUED)

But Clayborn stands in her way.

JENNIFER
Can I help you?

CLAYBORN
I am Senator Wright.

Jennifer eyes him like a creepy old man.

JENNIFER
So.
(then realizing)
Oh yeah, running for President

CLAYBORN
That's right.

JENNIFER
Are you ill?

CLAYBORN
Not at all.

Another long awkward moment. Clayborn studying her.

CLAYBORN
You know Beckett Nixon?

JENNIFER
I don't know if I like your tone.

CLAYBORN
Answer the question.

Jennifer pissed, tries to maneuver around him.

CLAYBORN
I am trying to save my campaign.

JENNIFER
What are you talking about?

CLAYBORN
I'm referring to this Abe
character.

JENNIFER
Yes.

CLAYBORN
What makes more sense that this man
is Abraham Lincoln or that Beckett
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORN (cont'd)
took advantage of him for some
political agenda.

JENNIFER
He would never do such a thing.

CLAYBORN
Oh really his mother was deported
when he was a child.

JENNIFER
Or Abe could just be a sick man.

CLAYBORN
That much is true.

JENNIFER
What are you afraid of?

CLAYBORN
That this country is loosing focus.

JENNIFER
No, only your position in the
polls.

Jennifer leaning in to him.

JENNIFER
Abe is no threat to you.

CLAYBORN
His idealism is.

JENNIFER
What is wrong with that?

CLAYBORN
Because its not his.

JENNIFER
You think Beckett has somehow
hypnotized this man simply to
dislodge your campaign. I don't
know if I want to laugh or cry at
that assumption.

CLAYBORN
Beckett is a psychologist right?

JENNIFER

Stop it, you can't prove a thing.

CLAYBORN

I don't have to.

JENNIFER

Wait a minute, you want to have Abe committed and arrest Beckett.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

Abe and Amelia keep to the edge next to the trees walking in the grass. The huge reflection pool between the Washington Monument and the the Lincoln Memorial is to their side.

They hurry keeping a low profile passing joggers and others having picnics. Up ahead at the Lincoln Memorial a crowd has gathered the usual tourists, along with Hispanic protesters.

There is a film crew and reporters covering the event. Amelia looks relieved, then she senses something.

Amelia turns and looks over her shoulder. From her POV she sees the Police from her father's office along with Robert, heading straight for them. Amelia tugs at Abe.

AMELIA

Come on.

ABE

What is is the matter?

AMELIA

The Police.

ABE

Maybe we should talk to them?

AMELIA

I don't think so.

Abe and Amelia pick up their pace and head towards the crowd of people.

EXT. ROBERT'S POSITION - DAY

Robert notices where they are heading, his faces twists in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

We need to take them quietly.

The men hurry.

EXT. ABE AND AMELIA'S POSITION - DAY

Abe and Amelia scramble across the open lawn of the mall weaving in and out of people.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Standing on the top steps with a bull horn is the Hispanic man from before. There are about three dozen other migrant workers around him. They hold placards demanding citizenship and fair wages.

HISPANIC MAN

I came here for a better life!

The crowd collectively agrees with him.

HISPANIC MAN

But all I got was broken promises.

The reporter from before is covering the event.

REPORTER

We are live at the migrant protest.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The two men bring Beckett in, Jennifer rises. Beckett steps over and gives her a hug.

BECKETT

What is going on?

JENNIFER

(sarcastically)

The Senator is worried about his campaign.

CLAYBORN

No you're interference with it.

BECKETT

How have I done that?

(CONTINUED)

CLAYBORN

You know how by turning that guy
into some homeless messiah.

BECKETT

You think I brainwashed him?

CLAYBORN

You said it.

Beckett chuckles Jennifer agrees.

BECKETT

Ridiculous.

JENNIFER

That's what I said

BECKETT

Why would I do such a thing?

CLAYBORN

To get back at the system for
deporting your mother.

BECKETT

That was twenty years ago, she's
here now, in Washington.

Clayborn holding his hands out a sign that he isn't a threat
he motions for them to both sit down. The two Guards take up
station outside the waiting room.

Beckett and Jennifer sit down on the couch beside one
another holding hands. Clayborn eases into the chair across
from them.

BECKETT

You know this is kidnapping?

CLAYBORN

Please don't be so melodramatic.

BECKETT

You've already done that.

CLAYBORN

You don't like my platform so you
are sabotaging it.

Beckett, coming clean he looks at Jennifer explaining
himself and apologizing at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT

Senator I have to admit there was some thought on my part of doing just that. But what would that prove that I was guilty of using someone else to my advantage.

CLAYBORN

Then what is your game Mr. Nixon?

BECKETT

Not a thing Senator.

CLAYBORN

I don't believe you, he had your card on him when he was brought in.

BECKETT

Yes.

CLAYBORN

Whoever he is, you made him this way.

BECKETT

Did I create his conviction to purpose?

(beat)

The idea that America has moral standards it must live up to, no sir that is all him. That goes deeper than any Psychiatrist can touch.

(beat)

Even so, is that a bad thing? You sir, at your core, want what is best for this country, so does he.

Clayborn seems to have had the gas taken out of his argument.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Abe and Amelia approach the protesters. Robert and his men are almost on them. The Hispanic man speaking spots Abe. A smile breaks out on his face.

HISPANIC MAN

Senor it's me, I did what you said.

(CONTINUED)

Abe and Amelia make it safely to the crowd. Robert and his men halt their pursuit. The reporter covering the protest smiles seeing Abe again. He indicates to his camera man to zoom in on Abe.

REPORTER

Zoom in on him.

Robert, exasperated, and out of breath gets on his phone.

ROBERT

Sorry Sir, we couldn't catch him.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Clayborn on the phone, calmer, resigned to whatever happens next.

CLAYBORN

That is alright.

EXT. ROBERT'S POSITION - DAY

Robert still on the phone.

ROBERT

Better turn on the news.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

The Hispanic man motions Abe to join him on the top step of the Memorial. Back where it all started.

Abe nods his head and moves up to join the Hispanic man.

The Hispanic man hands him the bullhorn. Abe nervously handles it. The Hispanic man shows him how it operates. Abe presses the trigger.

He clears his throat, it booms through the bullhorn, startling himself. The crowd chuckles at his little awkwardness. Abe gets the hang of it.

ABE

Whenever I stand before a crowd,
the first thing I look for in their
eyes is hope. There is a lot of
that in yours.

The people applaud him.

(CONTINUED)

ABE

As a nation, we began by declaring that all men are created equal. But actually see it as all men are created equal, except -

A woman in the crowd shouts out.

HISPANIC WOMAN

People that look like us!

ABE

Except blacks, foreigners, and the less fortunate.

The Homeless Veteran from before, steps through the crowd. His and Abe's eyes meet.

ABE

That makes me want emigrate to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Clayborn, Beckett and Jennifer stand watching the TV in the waiting room.

BECKETT

He's quoting Lincoln.

CLAYBORN

(Proudly)

Yes he is.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Abe continues to speak and is drawing in more people. The crowd is growing. Now it is mixed with many different races.

ABE

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember it or overthrow it.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Clayborn, Beckett and Jennifer all watch with some subtle pride. On the screen, people are flocking to his oratory.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Abe's speech is shocking, Amelia looks up at him, Abe winks at her not to worry.

ABE

Those who deny freedom to others
don't deserve it for themselves.

The crowd settles down.

ABE

Character is like a tree and
reputation like its shadow. The
shadow is what we think of it, the
tree is the real thing.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Beckett is concerned, on the screen Abe looks gray.

JENNIFER

He looks unsteady.

BECKETT

Yes he does.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Abe tries to focus, Amelia has tears in her eyes.

ABE

Today I wish you to remember, now
and forever, that it is your
business, and not mine; that if the
union of these states and the
liberties of this people shall be
lost, it is but little consequence
to me, I have lived my life. But it
would mean a great deal to the
millions of people who inhabit
these United States and to their
posterity in all coming time. It is
your duty to rise up and preserve
the Union and liberty for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABE (cont'd)
yourselves and not for me. I appeal
to you again to constantly bear in
mind that not with politicians, not
with Presidents, not with office
seekers, but with you, is the
question: Shall the Union and shall
the liberties of this country be
preserved for future generations?

The crowd absorbs his prophetic words. Abe struggles,
something is happening.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Beckett holds Jennifer close. Clayborn showing signs of
regret sympathetic, sad.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Abe wobbles the Hispanic man stands close, helping prop him
up.

HISPANIC MAN
Are you okay Senor?

ABE
I'll be fine.

Abe straightens up.

ABE
But that is not why I am here
today.

The crowd intent on every word.

ABE
I have been called in the past few
days a hero.

More applause and cheers.

ABE
To tell you the truth I don't know
who, or what I am. Much of what I
say comes from memory. But it also
comes from the heart. I am not here
to cause trouble or interfere with
the upcoming election. Only to
remind the candidates, that theirs

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ABE (cont'd)

is a solemn duty no matter what their opinions may be, to see all sides, to view the world not only from the eyes of the rich and powerful but from the eyes of those less fortunate, the poor, tired the homeless, and those only wanting a better life for themselves and their families. This democracy has endured despite the petty problems of my generation that almost tore it apart. You have built a wonder for humanity, led by many great Presidents, do not let that legacy falter. It is your voice that matters, be heard, stand up and I will be proud of you.

Abe crumples, the crowd gasps. The Hispanic man helps Abe sit down on the steps. The Homeless Vet jumps to Abe's side.

Amelia kneels next to him, crying and worried. Abe is short of breath, his color is ashen. The Homeless Vet takes over. The Hispanic Man looks at him.

HOMELESS VETERAN

I was a medic.

Amelia comfortingly holds Abe's hand. Abe looks at her.

ABE

I did what I came to do.

AMELIA

Please.

Abe winces in pain, he grabs his chest and fall backwards.

AMELIA

What's the matter with him?

HOMELESS VETERAN

Heart attack, call an Ambulance.

The Hispanic man frantically gets on the phone. The crowd hovers around Abe. Robert and his men rush up to the scene.

Robert moves to Amelia, she eyes him.

ROBERT

It's okay, I'm on your side.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS VETERAN
Give him some room.

Amelia crying.

AMELIA
Stay.

ABE
Don't be sad, it is the way of
things.

Abe's eyes drift elsewhere.

ABE
I understand.

Amelia's phone rings, crying she picks it up.

AMELIA
Hello.

INT. WAITING ROOM/EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Beckett concerned.

BECKETT
Honey what's happening?

AMELIA
Dad he looks bad.

Then Abe falls back. The Homeless Veteran immediately starts CPR and chest compressions. Amelia totally loses it.

An Ambulance wheels up to the front of the Lincoln Memorial the crowd parts letting the EMT's through. They relieve the Homeless Man and begin to work on Abe.

They hoist Abe onto a gurney and take him down the steps putting him in the back of the Ambulance. Robert takes Amelia's hand. He motions to one of the EMT's.

ROBERT
We're riding in with you.

EMT
Family?

ROBERT
Yes.

A lie, but who cares right now. They rush down the steps and climb in the back of the Ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The outside double doors of the emergency room burst open as the EMT's rush Abe in. Again almost a repeat performance from the other night.

The gurney flies up the aisle past Beckett, Jennifer and Clayborn. Robert trots in with Amelia. She runs to Beckett and falls into his arms.

Styles sprints past them following the gurney into an emergency triage room. Now, all anybody can do, is wait.

Clayborn looks on remorseful, stunned. Beckett steps to Clayborn.

BECKETT

You happy now?

CLAYBORN

(shuddering, confused)

I didn't mean for this to happen.

BECKETT

Maybe you can follow in his example.

LATER

Clayborn paces the floor. Beckett sits next to Jennifer cradling Amelia in her arms. Overwhelming gloom weighs on the atmosphere of the room.

Styles walks in with a dreadful look. Beckett and Clayborn know immediately it's not good. They walk over to Styles. Jennifer holds Amelia tight.

STYLES

We did all we could, I'm sorry.

AMELIA

No!

Jennifer consoles Amelia.

CLAYBORN

Thank you, I know you did your best.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT
Could we see him?

Styles sadly complies, stepping out of the way.

INT. EMERGENCY TRIAGE ROOM - DAY

They all enter the room Abe lies on the gurney a single spotlight holds on his face. Abe's expression looks heavenly, calm and at piece. The white sheet is up around his neck he appears just to be sleeping.

Amelia walks up to Abe with tears streaming down her face. She is completely heartbroken. Beckett joins her and puts his hands on her shoulders. He gazes upon the body. Jennifer joins them.

Clayborn and Robert are at his feet.

CLAYBORN
I know what Stanten meant.

BECKETT
(understanding)
Now he belongs to the ages.

Amelia leans over and kisses Abe on the cheek. It's all over they leave the room.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM MAIN AREA - DAY

The group walks out of the triage room drained of any emotion. Styles waits solemnly by the Nurses station. Beckett releases Amelia into Jennifer's care.

Beckett walks up to Styles.

STYLES
Who was he?

BECKETT
We may never know.

A distressed nurse runs up to Styles.

NURSE
Doctor come quick.

Amelia hopeful.

(CONTINUED)

STYLES

What's the matter?

NURSE

Patient in number two, he's gone.

INT. TRIAGE ROOM - DAY

Styles and everyone else rushes into the triage room. The gurney holding Abe is empty, with the sheet neatly folded up on one end.

The room has only one exit and that was past them. Amelia smiles. Beckett looks at Jennifer, Clayborn at Robert with amazement and disbelief.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - DAY

Beckett and Jennifer stand at the alter taking their vows. Amelia is the flower girl, all smiles at the happy occasion.

PASTOR

You may kiss the bride.

Beckett kisses Jennifer, they run down the aisle with guests throwing rice.

EXT. CAPITAL - DAY

It is inauguration day. Clayborn puts his hand on the Bible and recites the oath of office.

CLAYBORN

I Clayborn Wright do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

The Chief Justice shakes his hand and the band starts playing Hail to the Chief. Clayborn steps up to the podium to deliver his acceptance speech. Clayborn pauses for a moment as the crowd settles down.

He looks behind him and there is Beckett, Jennifer and Amelia in the VIP seats smiling at him with satisfaction. He nods and returns their smile.

EXT. CROWD - DAY

The crowd of spectators is a mixture of Hispanic and other minorities. Not the lily white as before in his other rally's. The Hispanic Man we have seen before stands next to the cleaned up Homeless Veteran. Hope and pride in their eyes looking up at Clayborn.

EXT. PODIUM - DAY

Clayborn scans the audience for an instant he sees a figure. He can't make them out but it kind of looks like Abe. He can't be sure, it only bolsters his address. A reassurance from somewhere.

CLAYBORN

As I look out on the sea of faces
before me I am reminded of another
President who once stood here.

Everyone knows who is talking about.

CLAYBORN

The infinite diversity of this
nation is what makes us great. I
believe he would be proud of what
we have accomplished. But the work
is not finished we still have a
long way to go. It is my solemn
pledge that all who seek prosperity
in this land, whether you were born
here or not, will have the same
opportunity to achieve that
American Dream.

We pull back from Clayborn while he continues his speech.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

We are back close on the face of Abraham Lincoln's eyes. We pull back to reveal his face, over this we here Clayborn speaking.

CLAYBORN (V.O.)

Because America cannot survive if
it does not provide its citizens
with the very rights that God gave
us all.

(CONTINUED)

Clayborn's voice bleeds into the voice of Abe now speaking more authoritatively. We reverse angle looking out at the mall, standing between the pillars is the silhouette of a man back lit by the sun. He looks like Abraham Lincoln with a stovepipe hat on, a ghost maybe, he walks down the steps.

ABE (V.O.)

That this nation, under God, shall
have a new birth of freedom; and
that government of the people, by
the people, for the people, shall
not perish from the earth.

Abe disappears down the steps into the bright sunlight of day.

FADE OUT

THE END